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AGAIN

AND  
AGAIN.

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I SEE

THE  
SAME  
DREAM

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HEY, YOU  
WANNA GO  
BUY BREAD?

LIENO-  
YAMA!

LET'S  
GO.

AH

I'M TIRED.  
I'LL PASS.

EHH,  
THEN  
WHAT  
ABOUT  
BASKET-  
BALL?

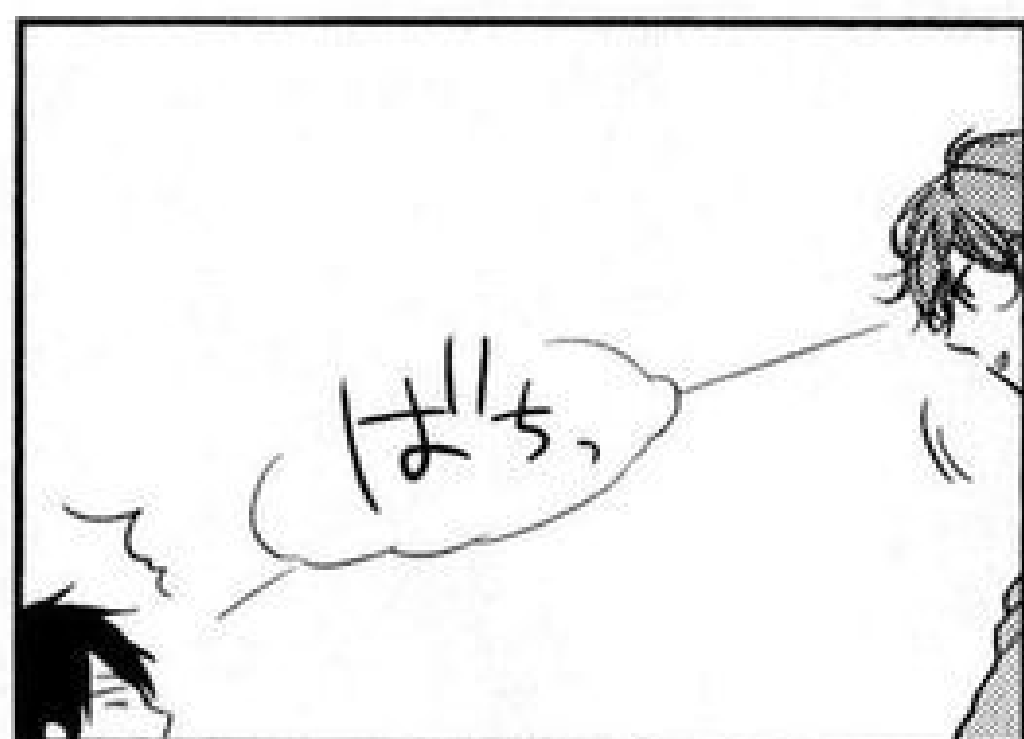
I'M  
TAKING  
A NAP.

YOU ALWAYS  
SLACK OFF  
AT AROUND 5.

AH

MMM.  
TAKE NOTES  
FOR ME.













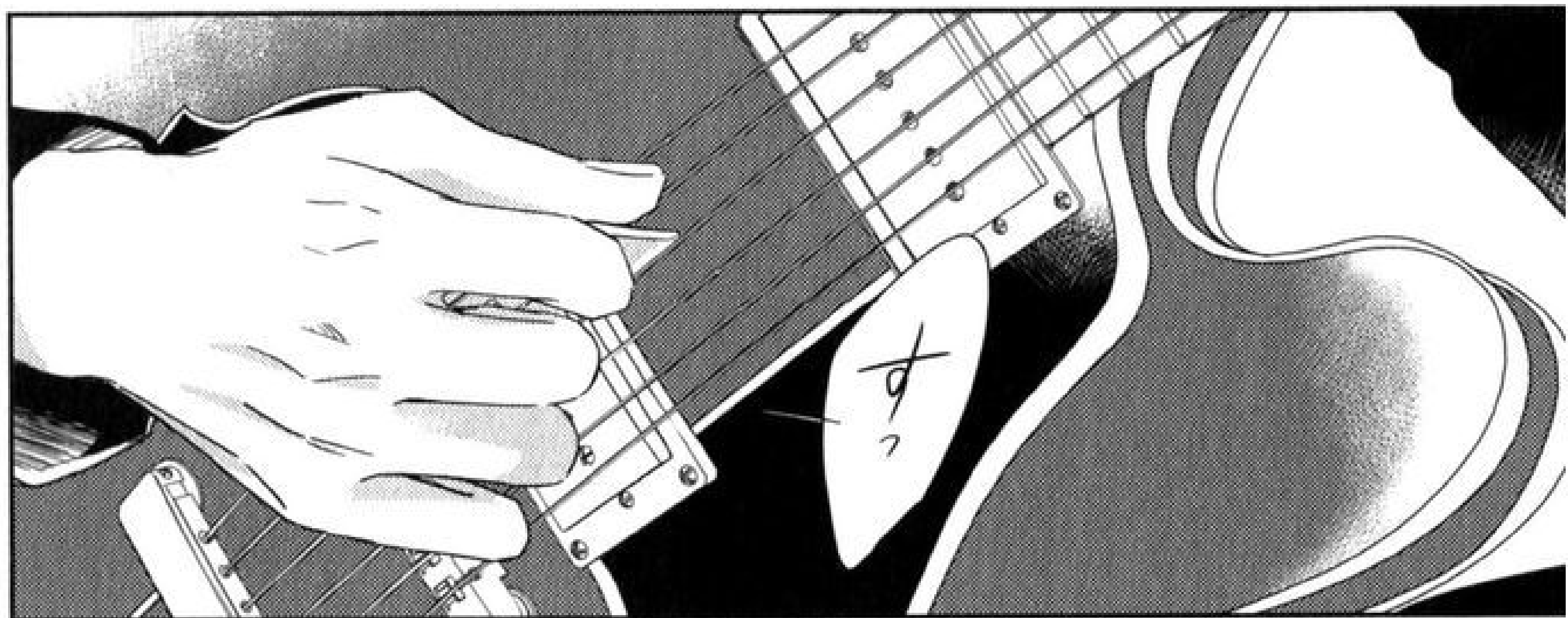


YOU'RE ACTING  
AS IF IT'S  
THE END OF  
THE WORLD  
JUST BECAUSE  
OF THE STRINGS!

GIMME  
BACK MY  
NAPTIME!

I'D FEEL  
BAD

IF I  
WERE TO  
JUST LEAVE  
NOW, BUT  
SERIOUSLY









AT  
THAT  
MOMENT,

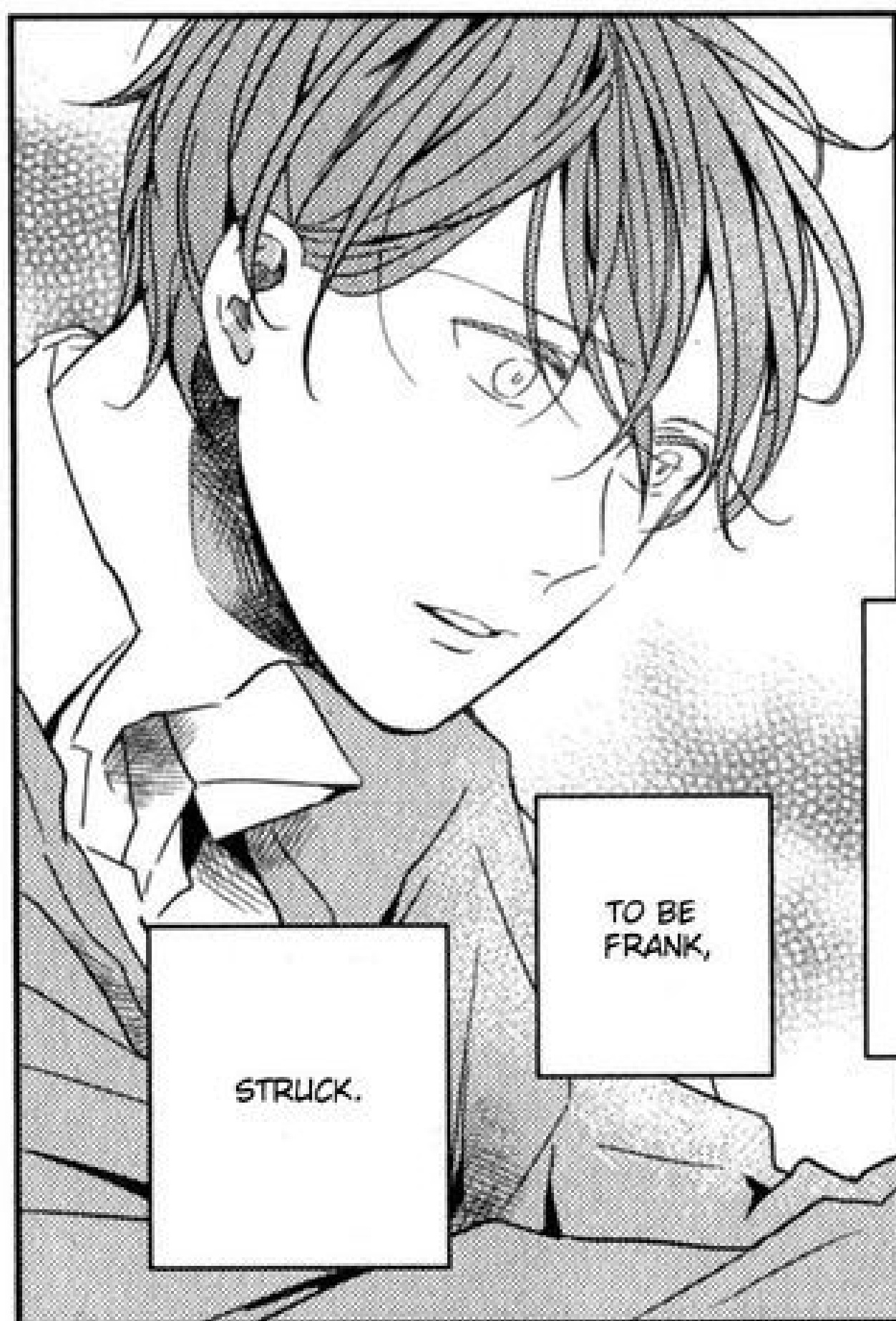
EH

UM!!!

WHEN  
THE CHORDS  
WERE STRUNG,

PLEASE

TEACH ME  
HOW TO  
PLAY  
LIKE THAT.



STRUCK.

TO BE FRANK,



WITHOUT KNOWING,

THIS GUY'S HEART-STRINGS WERE,

WAS THE EVENT THAT QUICKLY BEGAN TO CHANGE MY WORLD.



FOR NOW, THE TUNING ....

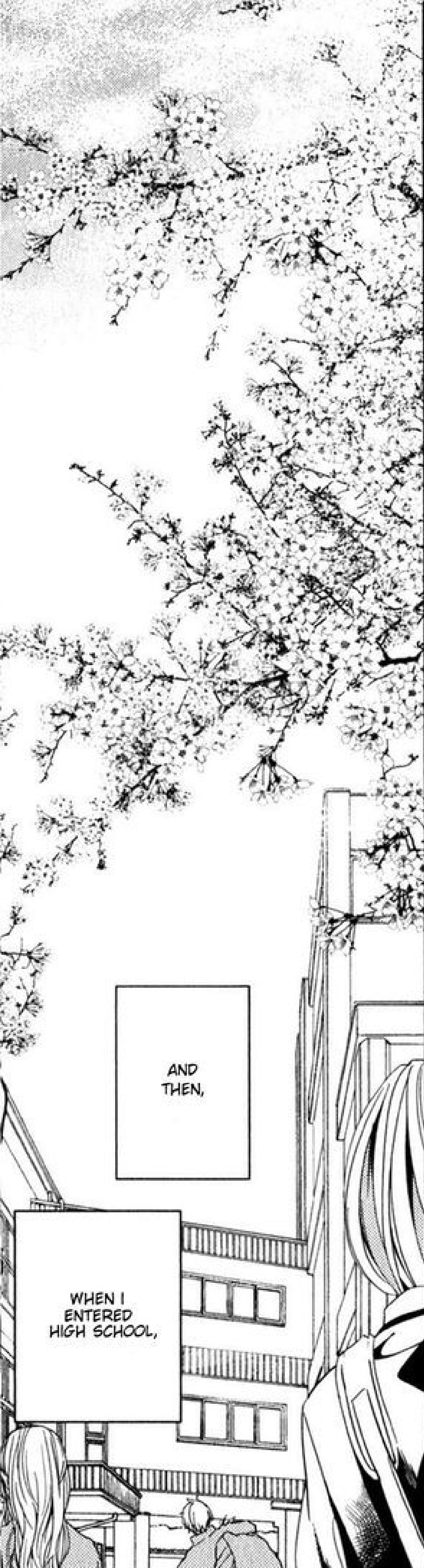
NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, THAT ENCOUNTER

BUT AT THAT TIME, I DIDN'T NOTICE A SINGLE THING.

I STARTED  
GUITAR IN  
YEAR 6,

WHEN POPS  
GAVE ME  
AN UNUSED  
GUITAR.





AND  
THEN,

WHEN I  
ENTERED  
HIGH SCHOOL,




WHEN THINGS  
DIDN'T GO RIGHT,  
I'D KEEP PLAYING  
UNTIL I PLAYED  
IT CORRECTLY.



I'D BEEN  
SWALLOWED  
BY THE  
MUSIC.





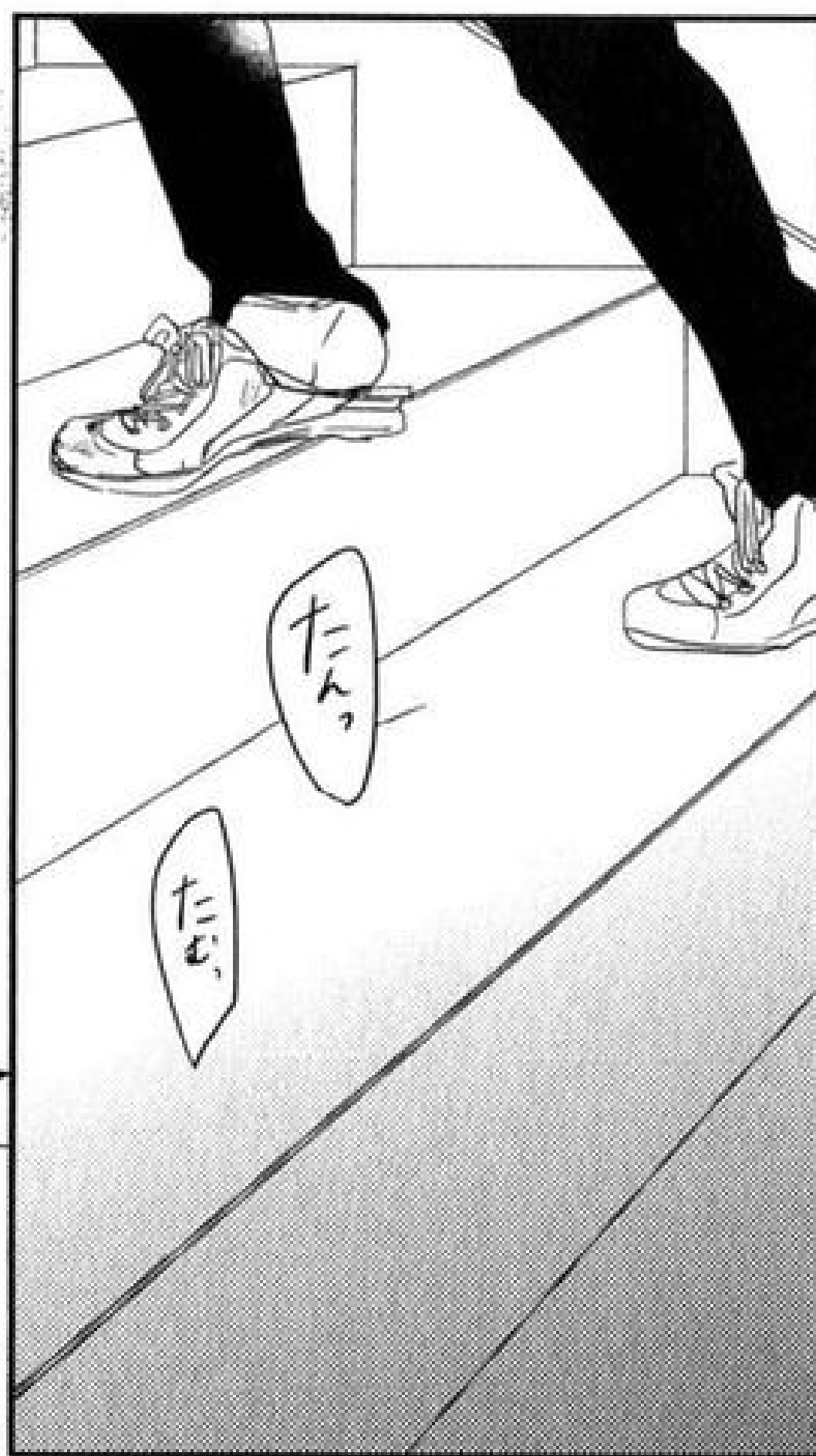
I DECIDED  
TO PURSUE  
MUSIC,

JUST AS  
I'D PLANNED.

BUT BEFORE  
I EVEN  
KNEW IT,

WHEN I'D  
PLAYED TO  
A CERTAIN  
DEGREE,



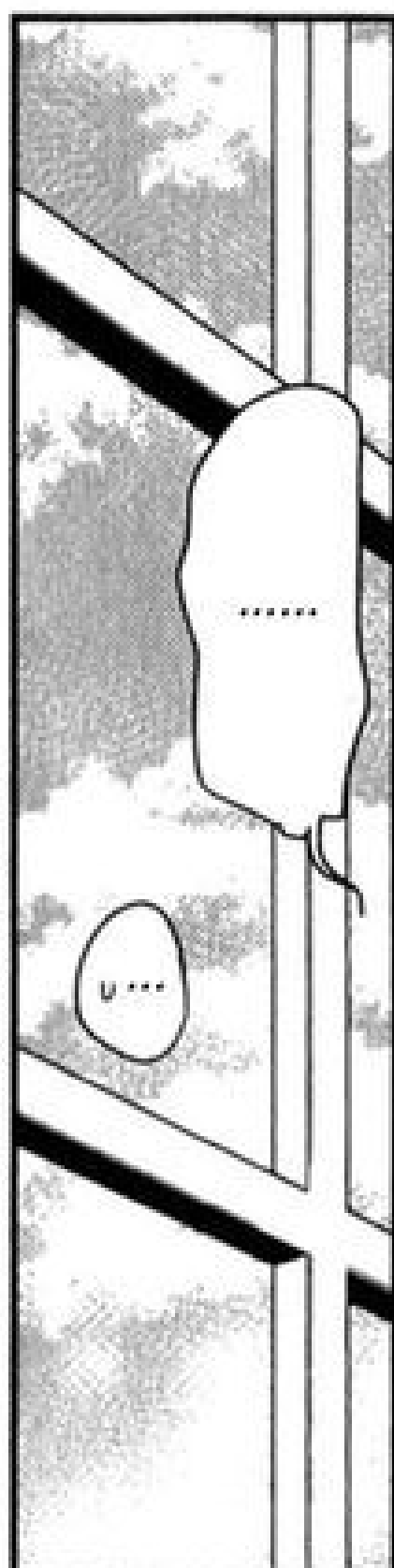






















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raws  
translator  
editor

